

"The Streetz R Deathrow" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"The Streetz R Deathrow"

Growing up as an inner city brotha
Where every other had a pops and a motha
I was the product of a heated lover.
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me
And since my pops never knew me
My family didn't know what to do with me.
Was I somebody they despised?
Curious look in they eyes
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive
And poor momma can't control me
"Quit tryin' to save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies!"
A ticken timebomb, can't nobody fade me
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for Mercedes
Suckers scatter but it don't matter I'm a cool shot
Punks drop from all the buckshots the fools got
I'm tired of being a nice guy
I've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why
So they label me a lunatic
Could care less death or success
Is what I quest 'cause I'm fearless
Now the streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.

[2x]

I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed wearin' a vest
Hopin' that they're aimin' at my chest
Much too young to bite the bullet
Hand on the trigga
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it
I hope I live to be a man
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in the state pen
Counting pennys over the years I'd done stacked many
Proving wrong those
Who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty
Now they gotta cope
Since it's the only thing I know
It's difficult to let it go
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried
But now I gotta move away now
'Cause these suckers love ta' spray where I lay down
My homie lost his family, he snapped;
Shot up half the block to bring them back
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow.

[2x]

I'm dangerous when drunk I only drink beer

Gin makes me sin

Unable to think clear

Henessey makes me think my enemy is getting close

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Got me shooting at a ghost

Some call me crazy but this is what you gave me

Amongst the babies who raised up from the slavery

I sport a vest and hit the sess to kill the stress

Moved out west and I invest in all the best

Those who test will find a bullet in they chest

Put to rest by a brotha who was hopeless

Grow up broke on the rope of insanity

How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family

I'm sick of being tired

Sick of the sirens, body bags, and the gun firing

Tell Bush, "Push the button!" 'cause I'm fed

Tired of hearin' these voices in my head

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

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[2x]

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('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

This goes out to my partners in the Live Squad

(like it ain't nothin')

And all my partners involved in that 187

Watch your back

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

There got to be a better way

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

There's too many of us in the cemetery

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

Come on, what we gonna do now

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

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